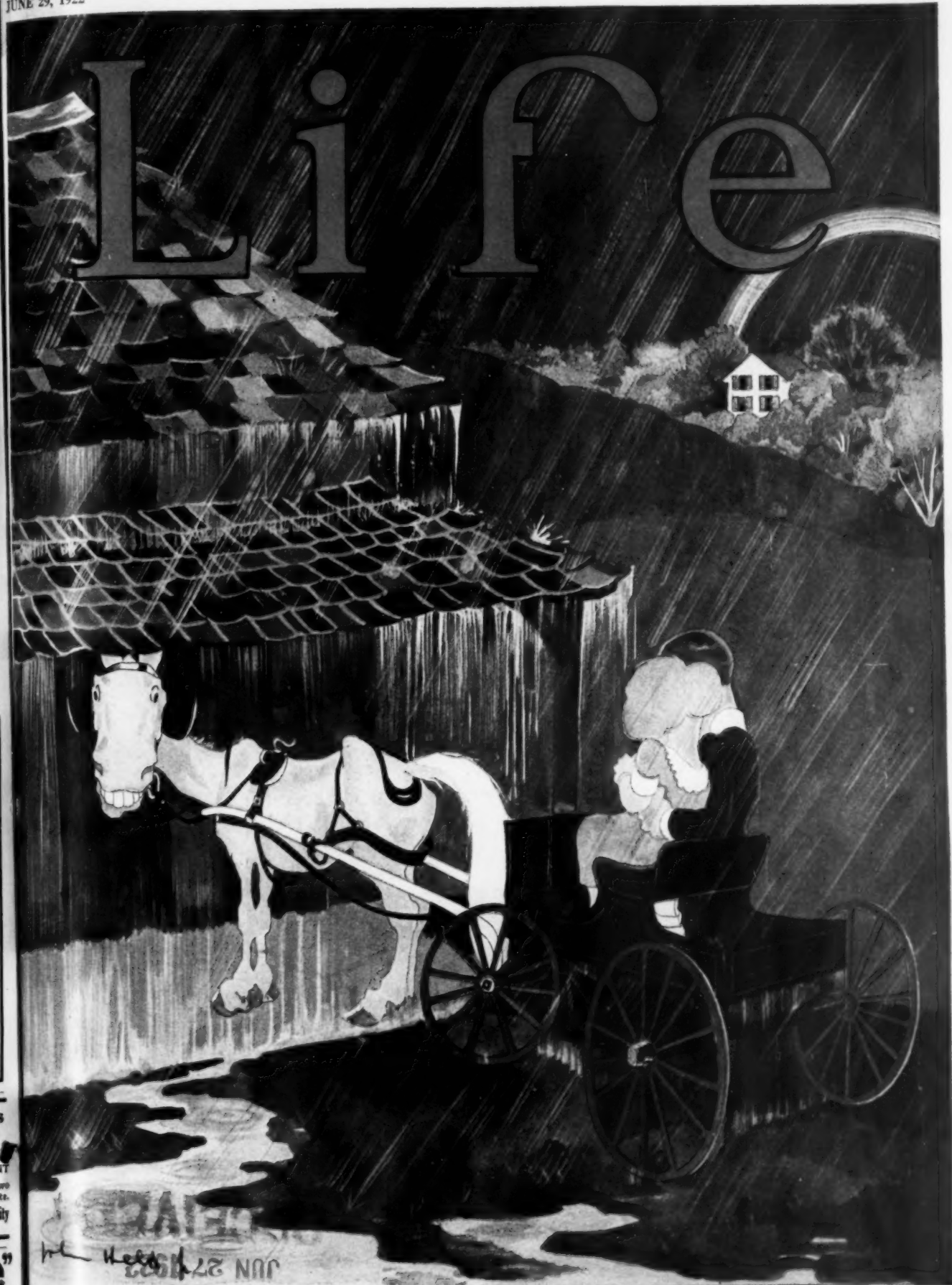


Life



Horse Sense



C'est la "Vie"!

*This is certainly the LIFE — we
refer to the American-Franco
Number, to be issued to a
marvelling monde next
semaine (July 6th)*



BEAUCOUP humour intéressant, beaucoup drawings so full of what you Americans call the pep, the what-shall-we-say — ah yes, the verve française isn't-it-so, the little verses so cunningly fashioned, the bon mots and motifs, the cover design by le maître Penfield — ah, mes-dames et messieurs, was there ever such a journal then as this one here, eh?

But yes, one publishes it each week, and oh heaven, it is that one subscribes if one wishes a trial for ten of the weeks at the insignificant pourboire of one homme de fer.*

Behold the coupon!
What more
would you?



M. L'EDITEUR :

Have the goodness to send me the
LIFE for 10 weeks if you please. I
have the honor to enclose one dollar.

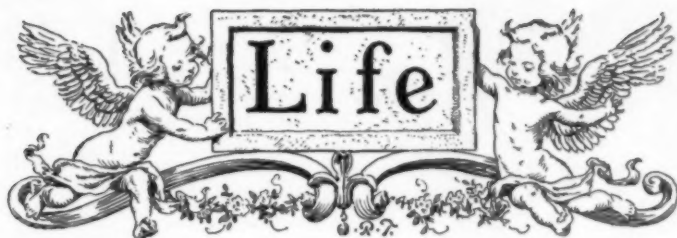
(Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40)

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LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York
One Year, \$5.00; (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

P. S.— Our supply of French has run out, so we take this means of informing you that other Special Numbers to come include the Midsummer (August 3) and the American-Japanese (August 10). NOW is the time to subscribe.—Adv.

*Iron man



Day-Dreams

WE'D build a little bungalow,
If you and I were one,
And carefully we'd plan it, so
We'd get the morning sun.
I'd rise each day at rosy dawn
And bustle gaily down;
In evening's cool, you'd spray the lawn
When you came back from town.

A little cook-book I should buy,
Your dishes I'd prepare;
And though they came out black and dry,
I know you wouldn't care.
How valiantly I'd strive to learn,
Assured you'd not complain!
And if my finger I should burn,
You'd kiss away the pain.

I'd buy a little scrubbing-brush
And beautify the floors;
I'd warble gaily as a thrush
About my little chores.
But though I'd cook and sew and scrub,
A higher life I'd find;
I'd join a little women's club
And cultivate my mind.

If you and I were one, my dear,
A model life we'd lead.
We'd travel on, from year to year,
At no increase of speed.
Ah, clear to me the vision of
The things that we should do!
And so I think it best, my love,
To string along as two.

D. P.



The Gang Teaches Mickey to Swim



Whispers to Wives Touching Seniority

LET us agree at once that with every married couple only one can be described as an adult, and advise every wife against being that one. It is a temptation. The boyish qualities of a man are very lovable qualities and it is difficult not to foster them. But be careful, O tender-hearted ladies! once you have assumed the semi-maternal rôle it will not be easy to lay it aside; and, believe it or not as you please, that rôle will be your undoing; or rather your over-doneness. How soon will your light-spirited partner leave to you the domestic virtues; the ordering, planning, moving, returning, entertaining, and, above all, understanding? Beware of that word! If you once hear him say, "Yes, dear, I'm late but I was detained. I knew you'd understand," throw your best hat on the floor and stamp upon it; scream; have the vapors; do anything rather than sit down under the curse. If you do, you are lost. There's nothing you won't have to understand.

If your husband is a genius (and some husbands have been both geniuses and husbands for a short time), he will never grow up; and if he is unusually talented, you will have a hard fight for it; but if he is just a fine, ordinary business man you may drag him into adulthood by two methods. First, be the child yourself. Be helpless, tricky, love-

ly, futile, dependent,—above all, dependent;—it ought to be the husband's part to be masculine, and yet how few are! And this being established in the home, do not let the office present a contrast. How much of a man's efficiency is undermined by an office-force of adoring petticoats (in a manner of speaking), secretaries who stand between him and outside annoyance, who wait upon his every word, after having anticipated his slightest want. No! Surround him with elderly male clerks downtown, and uptown be the baby, yourself. It will come hard if you happen to be efficient. But be philosophical.

C. D.

My Freedom

I FIND my freedom in content.
I scorn the grinding mills.
My wings are never torn or bent
In seeking empty thrills.

I envy not, nor do I sigh
O'er wounds to pride or heart.
I laugh the wond'ring hours by,
And shun mad Fortune's mart.

I taste of Beauty, yet ne'er pine
For Passion's ecstasy.
My heart is still absurdly mine,
Oh, I'm sublimely free!

But what's the good of being free,
If you, my dear, won't capture me?

J. D.

Collaborative Biography

IT looks as if every monthly magazine had the local agency for "The Life of Henry Ford." But Mr. Ford is the first one in literary history to have collaboration on an autobiography. Perhaps the story of his life was something he self-started that he couldn't finish—which accounts for the repair man who tinkered with the manuscript.

But if Mr. Ford can have a partner for an autobiog, there is no reason why the idea should be worked only once. If he sublets these autobiographical jobs, here's another "Life of Henry Ford" that will soon be on the market:

The Life of Henry Ford By Henry Ford et al. (You know me, Al.)

CHAPTER I

I do not remember the day I was born. I do not remember my first twelve months. I do not remember who Benedict Arnold was. I say I do not remember. I do not remember who Monroe Doctrine was. Well, then, I do not remember *what* it was. History is bunk.

CHAPTER II

My childhood was happy. When I was a child, I spoke as a child. Later I grew up and stuck to that custom. I remember my infancy well. I used to creep all over the house. I could crawl 100 miles on five gallons of milk. I was very fond of a rattle. I never got over my fondness for that.

CHAPTER III

My early boyhood I remember well. At the age of three, they took away my swaddling clothes. They put me in two-cylinder pants. I recall the boyhood games we played. I loved to tie tin cans on the tails of dogs. That was where I got my first big idea. Tin cans for pale people. That was my first motto and slogan.

CHAPTER IV

My school days came and went, in the order named. I recall little of the lessons I learned. I can only recall that history was bunk.

CHAPTER V

As a young man, I was a mechanic. It was tough going, with

plenty of detours. I never liked writing. It tired my fingers. In fact, I was 42 years old before I sent my first collect telegram.

CHAPTER VI

I rigged up my first flivver. Folks laughed at me. That is a habit they never got over. But statistics show that one dollar lent me at that time would be worth \$15,000 to-day. I love statistics. Statistics are not bunk.

CHAPTER VII

Many years pass. Fortunes smile on me. Everything I touch turns to tin. I can remember when they counted up the world's richest men and I stood second. I can remember when they counted up the votes for Senator from Michigan. I stood second on that count, too. Money is nothing to me now. With one hand I buy up a railroad. With the other I start a weekly paper. People ride them both.

CHAPTER VIII

I tried to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas. But you

can't get peace on earth by sailing ships. It was good advertising, though. The boat landed in Sweden and I landed on the front page all over this country. I proved to the world I did things boldly. In making flivvers I shipped bolts in carload lots. In making peace I shipped nuts in shipload lots. Give me credit, boys.

CHAPTER IX

I remember the day I bid for Muscle Shoals. It will be a boon if I get that place. Boon, not bone. Muscles must be raised in larger quantities if people are going to keep on cranking my cars.

CHAPTER X

In closing, I would say that I desire nothing, seek nothing. I might run for President, if assured of the flivver and pedestrian vote. If I run, however, I must have Edsel accompany me as Vice-President. And if elected, I'll resign and make Edsel President. Chicago papers please copy.
N. R. O'H.

The Perennial

AMID the bowers of Xanadu
There blooms a magic rose,
Nodding its head by Khama's rill
To every breeze that blows.

Hard by the glowing blossom hangs
A mirror, dight with gold:
Around it mystic characters
This hidden message hold:

"The maid who plucks the magic
rose

Shall win a wondrous dower:
But she who spies this mirror first
Can never touch the flower."

* * *

The feet of forty thousand maids
Have trod by Khama's rill:
Amid the bowers of Xanadu
The rose is blooming still!

M. R.

Up in the Air

VISITOR (in Arkansas): What's
the altitude of this town?

NATIVE: Mostly Baptist.



She: Have any of your boyish ambitions been realized?

He: Yes, when my mother used to cut my hair I often wished I might be bald-headed.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Farm

Opens This Week for Its Thirty-Sixth Season



"Your—darn—flower—bit
—me—so—I'm—goin'—
home!"

THE stork who deposited you and me on this terrestrial sphere was a wise old bird. When he picked our places to pass our childhood he made sure that they should be in at least decent surroundings.

The other and less sagacious storks—and they are vastly in the majority—deposited their babies not so

discreetly and with the result that countless little children suffer all sorts of misery and through no fault of their own.

These kiddies didn't pick the right stork.

If you don't believe it, come with us any July or August day or night and make a trip through New York's tenement streets.

You won't enjoy it. The bad smells, the bad air, the heat from overhead, from the walls and from the pavements, will make you faint and sick. If you have any heart at all, the sight of thousands of little children suffering from ills they can't escape will make you question the Wisdom of Fate.

The bigness of the problem of how to help these children will give you a feeling of hopelessness. There are so many of them!

You can't help them all. Of course not. But you can do your bit. For two weeks you can take at least one pair of bare feet from the melting asphalt of New York streets to the cool green grass of the country, at least one little body from the heat and bad air of a crowded tenement bedroom, or from sooty roof or fire-escape, to the fresh air of a farm in the Connecticut hills.

For such city sports as dragging the body of a dead cat over the hot pavements will be substituted wholesome play under the trees, splashing in the brook, and the startling discovery that milk doesn't always come in bottles.

Your particular youngster may gain a new outlook on life and new ambitions. At least the child will be given a better chance in mind and body to face the other fifty weeks of life in the tenements.

How You Can Do It

The magic wand you can wave, to effect this transformation from wretchedness to joy, from dirt to cleanliness and from disease-breeding conditions to healthy ones, is the amount of *ten dollars* contributed to LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund.

You were a child once. Perhaps you have children of your own. But you can never

know what this ten dollars' worth of heaven means to a poor kiddie in New York. Thank your God you don't.

Two weeks of delight and health for a little, poor child. And the cost, even in these times, figured approximately, is *only ten dollars* for each child benefited.

All remittances should be made to LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

On Life's Farm

LIFE'S Fresh Air Farm is located at Branchville, Connecticut. From the close of school in June until its opening in September, parties of about two hundred and fifty children are given a fortnight's vacation in the country. The children sent there are drawn from the city missions, from the East Side and from various "Settlements" and poorer districts of the Greater New York, and the effect on them of a fortnight of good food and pure country air is surprising. Caretakers are always with the children. In an experience with more than forty thousand children at the Farm, so far there has not been one serious accident or a worse illness than results from over appreciation of green apples.

LIFE'S Farm is supported entirely by contributions from its friends and readers. Costs are high this year, but we estimate that ten dollars will provide a happy vacation in a life where happy vacations are a rarity. However small or large the contribution, we can use it to advantage. Acknowledgment is made in LIFE about three weeks after receipt, also by letter immediately if the sender's address is given.

Children's clothing is badly needed—partly worn rompers, overalls, sweaters, jackets, underwear, and especially shoes. Our age limit is twelve years, but larger sizes frequently fit. Their own garments go to pieces with the hard vacation wear. Packages sent to LIFE'S Farm, Branchville, Conn., will be gratefully acknowledged.

Life's Fresh Air Endowments

To establish a Fresh Air Endowment two hundred dollars in Victory notes, in Liberty 4½ per cent. bonds, other good securities, or cash, should be sent by registered mail to LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund.

The income from this amount provides that every summer, in perpetuity, a poor child will be sent from the slums of New York for a fortnight's stay in the fresh air of the country. A Fresh Air Endowment may bear any designation its donor chooses.

Address all communications and make all checks payable to LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund, 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

(The Fresh Air Statement will be found on page 29.)



"Put it back! Do ya wanta get sent back to the city?"



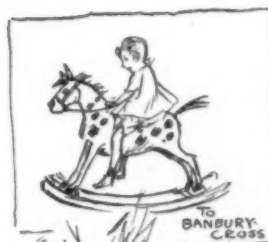
DANGER



ON GIRLS THAT
FOREIGN RIDING
MASTER



THE
THOOPORE



TO
BANBURY
CROSS



CONFOUND IT, THAT HORSE
IS LAUGHING AT ME.



6 A.M.

FRESH AIR DE LUXE

Life



Lines

CONGRESS seems to forget that the ex-service men are asking for a bonus, not an old-age pension.

It still seems to be the bonus of contention.

The spiritists are now substituting R. S. V. P. for R. I. P. on tombstones.

Perhaps the Prince of Wales is always globe-trotting to prove that the son never sits in the British Empire.

The Administration refuses to recognize Russia. And it simply can't comprehend Pennsylvania.

Will someone please tell Mr. Bryan that the evolutionary war is over?

Members of the Jewish race claim that they are being excluded from Harvard College. Well, we never heard of any of them getting into the College of Cardinals either.

Supremacy between the British trans-Atlantic steamship companies depends on whether there are more words ending in *ia* or *ic*.

A couple was recently married by radio. It just shows to what wave lengths some folks will go.

One wonders what became of those clothes we sent the Belgians when one sees the pictures taken on the beach at Ostend.

The burglars who broke into a policeman's home the other day are good examples of the old saying, "thick as thieves."

Since the Lords of Parliament have denied Lady Rhondda a seat, nothing much can be said about the man in the subway.

The failure of several furniture manufacturers who specialized in bedroom suites is attributed to the recent theatrical depression.

A school of poetry is now suggested. Ought to be a reform school.



Same as Always

"What did you say when Jack asked you for a kiss?"

"Same old thing."

"What'd he do?"

"Same old thing."

The new Arbitration Society may do away with a lot of litigation, but the courts will still have to decide the case of Mallory vs. Lenglen.

Henry Cabot Lodge refuses to stump for his re-election this fall. The Cabots, you know, speak only to God.

Uncle Sam is not going to be at The Hague Conference, either, so things will continue to run along in the English channel.

No one will know, till the gate receipts are counted, whether Conan Doyle or Colonel Simmons made the most money out of the invisible empire idea.

The Irish Republican Army is finding it difficult to beat its machine guns into tractors.

George Ade's recent refusal to go into politics shows us there are still some men left who would rather write than be president.

The papers say that Hearst wishes to be presented to the King of England. That makes it unanimous.

Many a man has gone to the race track in quite a liberal frame of mind, only to leave it with a strong feeling of race prejudice.

One of the toughest hardships of the Russian soldier is to pack up his rubles in his old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.

A French admiral recently perfected a device to make night flying safe. It is understood that it cannot be attached to husbands.

The discovery of Eskimo pie should add ten years to the life of the slapstick movie comedy.

The Swiss fiancé of a certain American heiress is reported to have been seen sweeping out his stable and singing in a mournful voice, "When the Harvester Days Are Over."

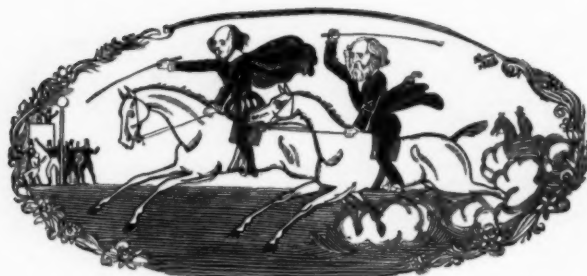
In these Prohibition times, no wedding party is a success without orange blossoms.

La Presse expresses the opinion that Lloyd George is seeking a new supporter.

But didn't he refuse the Garter?



The Lucky Stone



LIFE'S POET RACING CHART AT PARNASSUS

Thousandth year of the Spring meeting of the Olympus Jockey Club. Weather clear, track fast.

678 FIRST RACE—The Hexameter Handicap. For 40-year-olds and upward. Claiming. Five and one-half volumes. At post years ago. Off years ago. Start good; finish rotten. Won easily.

Starters	Jockey	PP	St	½	Fin	S	P
TRAGEDY	(Shakespeare)	3	1	1	1	1-10	5-2
MIGHTY LINE	(Marlowe)	1	2	3	2	2-5	5-2
OUTA LUCK	(Lyly)	2	3	2	3	7-2	—

Shakespeare had TRAGEDY well in hand and won going away. Marlowe clearly out-generated Lyly and had OUTA LUCK in a bad pocket on the backstretch.

679 SECOND RACE—The Couplet. For 35-year-olds and upward. Four miles, straight-away rhyming. Alexander Pope won in a walk. Other entries scratched.

680 THIRD RACE—Victorian Stakes. For English thoroughbred poets. One volume. At post nineteenth century. Off on time. Start good; finish good. Won driving; place easily.

Starters	Jockey	PP	St	½	Fin	S	P
DON JUAN	(Byron)	2	1	2	1	3-5	4-2
ODE TO SKYLARK	(Shelley)	4	2	1	3	2-1	—
ST. AGNES EVE	(Keats)	3	4	3	2	2-5	6-8
IDYLLS OF KING	(Tennyson)	1	3	4	4	4-5	10-12

DON JUAN smothered the field with speed. He got off running and ran around something frightful. The women in the infield made a great fuss over him. Closed with a rush, while SKYLARK and EVE, with Shelley and Keats up, were jockeying for the place.

681 FOURTH RACE—New England Sweepstakes. For selling platters. Fifty cents added money. One mile of verse and seventy stanzas. At post comparatively recently. Off, thank heaven. Won easily; place same.

Starters	Jockey	PP	St	½	Fin	S	P
CHILDREN'S HOUR	(Longfellow)	1	1	1	2	31-5	—
VISION OF LAUNFAL	(Lowell)	3	3	4	3	11-7	2-1
SNOW BOUND	(Whittier)	2	2	3	4	2-5	5-3
*CYRANO DE BERGERAC	(Rostand)	4	4	2	1	20-1	7-1

*CYRANO, an added starter, won by a nose. Longfellow had the mount on CHILDREN'S HOUR and gave it a hard ride, finishing easily in the place. SKELETON IN ARMOR, from the same stable, was scratched.

682 FIFTH RACE—Free Verse Handicap. For Greenwich Village mounts of uncertain vintage. Claiming. Fifty miles of metreless lines. At post to-day. Off tomorrow. Won limping; place same, only worse.

Starters	Jockey	PP	St	½	Fin	S	P
PURPLE PUP	(Bobby Edwards)	1	1	1	1	19-1	—
GREEN COCKROACH	(Harry Kemp)	3	2	2	3	2-5	3-1
DYNAMITE	(Max Eastman)	2	3	3	2	1	—
BLUE BRAINS	(Guido Bruno)	4	4	4	4	2-3	5-4

GREEN COCKROACH pinched slightly in the stretch and was disqualified for conduct unbecoming a cockroach. PURPLE PUP was dying fast, but his color could not be changed. DYNAMITE, Eastman up, blew up at the turn.

683 SIXTH RACE—Women's Steeplechase. For 40-year-olds. All entries refused the age. No starters.

In the Illegitimate

REGISTER anguish, said the
movie script;
Hold it for three hundred feet.

* * *

I fixed my mind
Upon the intellectual life
Of the press agent
And succeeded.

The Organ Grinder

HE holds his monkey by a string
That wraps around his finger-
ring;

While we look wondering at this
mite

Collecting nickels, left and right,
I wonder if he likes his lot,
Upholding Darwin on the spot,—
This evolutionary knot.

The Murder in the Rue Nassau

EVER since whoever it was started it, the notion has persisted that a murderer must face the unbearable task of living out his life side by side with his conscience. Without the tradition that the guilty man must confess his crime to keep his peace of mind, where would literature be? Zip! would go another story of Edgar Allan Poe's.

I am not the one to deal such a lethal blow at the great institution of literature. But I am, on the other hand, conscious of a moral duty transcending the obligation of withholding that blow. I disclose the facts for the sole reason that others may thereby be encouraged to benefit the community in the same way.

Previous to my erasure of K. Dodsworth Panks from the page of events, I had known him for some time, but the first definite impression of him I can recall was received just after the passage of the Volstead Act. We had been discussing it with some heat (I do not deny the man was tolerable in some respects) and he had concluded a really masterly diatribe with the words—"Don't worry! It can't last! Americans won't stand for violations of personal liberty like that! Don't you worry—it'll be repealed!"

I am frank to say that at the time I took some comfort from his injunction, as who under similar circumstances would not—as who, indeed, did not? But later, after a similar conversation, his "Don't worry!" had not quite so reassuring a ring, and the third time even less.

Shortly afterward came the business depression. I can only characterize what happened in my particular line by saying that it did not suffer so much from a depression as an artesian well. The bottom simply fell out of it. One day, hardly knowing why, I found myself pouring out my woes to K. Dodsworth Panks. We all know the feeling of having to open up to someone or explode. Panks heard me out.

When I had finished, he slapped me on the shoulder. "Shucks! don't worry about a little thing like that!" he bugled. "Little slump's nothing to worry about! Business'll pick up before you know it! Anyhow, a rich guy like you should worry about losing a little kale!"

It was at this point that I first felt definitely annoyed with K. Dodsworth Panks. I am not rich, and do not like to be called so.

Some time later I dropped two thousand dollars in oil stocks. I cannot afford to drop two thousand dollars in oil stocks. I cannot afford to drop two thousand dollars in any kind of stocks. In cold fact, I was cleaned. I can say, therefore, that my dislike for K. Dodsworth Panks deepened when, upon telling him of my loss, he again came out with a "You should worry! We all get stung once!" This time I parted from him uncordially.

We come now to the day of the murder. An enterprising burglar had, with felonious intent to convert the same to his own use, removed from my cellar, the night before, six quarts of genuine Scotch. I need state no more than the fact to indicate my state of mind when K. Dodsworth Panks came into my office on Nassau Street and trumpeted, "Heard somebody looted your hooch cache last night."

"Yes!" I answered shortly.

"Oh, well, don't worry about it," he blared. "'Zlots more where that came from!"

If it had been the first time, I might not have done it. But coming, as it did, as the climax of a long series of similar injuries at his hands, that last "Don't worry!" was too much. A short struggle—a crash. The crash was K. Dodsworth Panks hitting the pavement thirty-two stories below.

The coroner's verdict was suicide. . . .

In reiterating what I had to say at the beginning of this brief history, I have but one thing to add. For the only time in my life I have followed K. Dodsworth Panks' advice, and to the letter. What is more, I have actually found his advice good.

I am not worrying about killing him a jot.

I am not worrying about killing him a tittle.

I am not worrying about killing him a single, solitary, infinitesimal iota.

B. I.

Once Upon a Time

THE world has grown old
And men have grown stale—
What prophet now
Rides in a whale?

What dragons breathe
Pestilential breath?
What woman's beauty
Is bright with death?

What centaurs race
On the mountain slopes?
We have sensible fears
And eugenic hopes

And we live our lives
To conserve our powers—
But one of their days
Was worth all of ours!

E. J. C.

A Cut-up Either Way

"THAT golfer must be an amateur from the way he is cutting up the turf."

"Possibly, or perhaps he merely thinks that the course hasn't holes enough."



"Well, Sam, how did you find your father?"

Sam (who has been home on a visit): With the help of the sheriff and two bloodhounds, sah.

Twin Bed-Time Stories

The Power of Poetry

SCENE: *The Benedict Newleighs' Bedroom. Twin Beds in the offing. There are signs of life in Bed No. 1, for Mrs. Newleigh, as usual, is thinking. All is quiet in Bed No. 2. Benedict is happily dreaming of how lucky he has been to fall asleep without being disturbed by his wife.*

BED NO. 1: Benedict!

BED NO. 2 (*Benedict, startled, jumps half out of bed*): Heavens, how you scared me! I'd just got to sleep and—

BED NO. 1 (*coldly*): Don't be silly, Benedict. I knew you weren't asleep, of course.

BED NO. 2: But, Leila, didn't I just tell you I was?

BED NO. 1 (*calmly*): Yes, I know, dear, but I have something more important than that to talk about.

BED NO. 2 (*wearily*): Sleep's most important thing in the world. Let's not talk about it—let's do it.

BED NO. 1 (*ignoring him*): I've been thinking, Benedict, since I came home from our Thursday afternoon club, that you ought to do something to make yourself better known.

BED NO. 2: All right, dear. I'll go down to the City Hall in the morning and slap Mayor Hylan's face. Good night, dear.

BED NO. 1 (*one can tell how patient the woman is from the tone of her voice*): I'm trying to discuss something with you, Benedict. You needn't be a clown all the time. My idea was that you should write poetry and get a reputation. (*Sighing.*) You used to write such sweet poems to me when we were engaged.

BED NO. 2: And see what they got me instead of a reputation. Happy dreams, sweetheart.

BED NO. 1 (*Benedict's words have shocked her into a sitting position*): Oh! Benedict, how could you be so cruel!! (*There is a suspicion of a sob in her voice.*)

BED NO. 2 (*contritely*): There, I was just kidding, Leila. Cheer up. You aren't serious, are you?

BED NO. 1: Certainly I was. You can write just as well as lots of these verses I see in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

BED NO. 2: Still can. Listen to this:

I pray the Lord my soul to keep,

And hope my wife will let me sleep.

Nighty-night, honey.

BED NO. 1 (*determinedly*): You are going to listen to me, so there! I want you to get out of this horrid old bond business. Just think how much better known to the public Karl Deering, the poet, is than you are. And he hasn't got a single bit more ability.

BED NO. 2: Married, isn't he?

BED NO. 1: Yes, and he has two children.

BED NO. 2: Wife living with him?

BED NO. 1 (*reluctantly*): Why—no. His little son is here in New York with him, though.

BED NO. 2: And his wife?

BED NO. 1 (*dignifiedly*): If you read at all you would know that his wife is living with her parents and her little daughter in Canada. Deering can't afford to have her with him in New York.

BED NO. 2: For financial reasons?

BED NO. 1: Why, of course, Benedict. Why are you asking so many questions about him all of a sudden?

BED NO. 1 (*with emphasis*): Just to point out to you, my dear, that because your own stupid husband is selling bonds you can afford to live in New York with him. Now, good night, dear. We won't talk about it any more unless you want to leave for Canada.

BED NO. 1 (*Benedict has hit the bull's-eye*): Oh—Oh—N-now you want me to leave for Canada—a-ah—(*She is off, not for Canada, but a nice satisfactory cry.*)

(*Curtain doloroso.*) T. H. L.



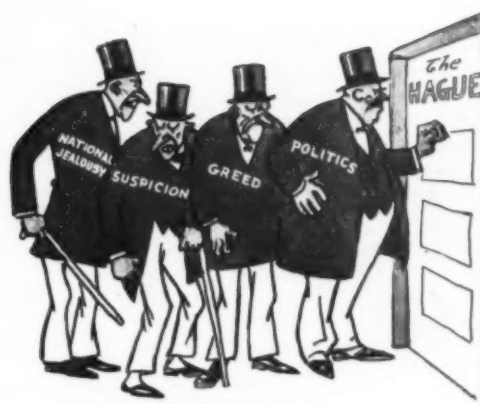
"—and, my dear! Our new cook is simply amazing! So wonderfully democratic, you know!"



WHAT
A MONTH
BRINGS
FORTH



MR. DAUGHERTY DRAGS SOME DISHONEST
WAR-TIME CONTRACTORS INTO THE LIME LIGHT



ARE THESE DELEGATES TO
BE ADMITTED -AS USUAL?



LLOYD GEORGE ENTERTAINS W.R. HEARST

W.J. ENRIGHT

Our Capitol Haunted, Says Sounder

We Are Confronted by Another Grave Crisis



"He can scarcely make himself heard."

Beginning with the ghost at Antigonish this spring, we have had a long succession of spectres, culminating with the arrival of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle with his specially trained troupe of performing spirits.

But the Public Does Not Know

and only my deep-rooted sense of duty to the American people leads me to reveal it now,—that for several months our national Capitol has been haunted!

I want no one to take my word for it. My psychic experience is limited to one evening at the ouija board with Mrs. Sounder which ended in our each accusing the other of cheating. I am therefore not competent to judge. I merely record the facts.

The First Manifestation

occurred during the treaty debates two months or more ago. Mr. Lodge, after speaking in defence of the Arms Conference treaties, came into the cloak room looking a bit seedy.

"Did you notice anything during my speech?" he asked me.

"Not a thing," I replied. "I was catching a nap in here."

"Curious," he muttered.

Since that is my invariable custom during important debates, I could see nothing curious about it. But he explained:

"I had a most uncanny feeling out there—just as if

everything I was saying about alliances and American isolation and reservations and secret diplomacy, I had said before, only different, if you get what I mean. Sort of as if I were standing on my head. Spooky feeling."

Next Day

I came upon a little group of Democratic senators trembling in the lobby. They had all strongly backed Mr. Wilson's treaties, and so with that admirable consistency that makes legislators what they are, were trying to kill Mr. Harding's. As each had launched his attack that day, he had heard a ghostly voice at his elbow sneer: "Party! Party! Partisan!"

Next morning I found fresh evidence. I was strolling through the corridors of the Capitol—a custom I follow whenever there are enough sight-seers to justify the exertion.

In the rotunda a man dashed up and grasped my arm so violently that my hat fell to the floor.

"Mr. Fordney!" I exclaimed in some annoyance.

"It's there!" he cried.

"I observe it," I replied coldly, eyeing my hat where it lay. For a man of my figure, the process of retrieving your hat from the floor is neither dignified nor statesmanlike.

"No, no," gasped the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

"It is in the House. The spook."

I led him behind the statue of Henry Clay and got his story.

"Every time I get up to speak about the Bonus I feel a presence standing close behind me sending icy shivers up and down my back. It's haunting the others too. It's getting on our nerves."

Several others have told me that while sitting at their desks, making up their minds how to vote, they have distinctly heard the ringing of bells, the blowing of horns, and other sounds suggestive of election night.

A Senator

referring to the taxation bill as a great achievement has heard the spectre laugh coarsely.

And when someone arises, as someone does every day, to point out the remarkable work of this Congress, he re-

ports that there is such a pandemonium of ghostly jeers that he can scarcely make himself heard.

But the worst manifestations have occurred during the tariff debate. The galleries have at times seemed to be filled with unearthly spectators that look like cartoons of the American consumer, and that punctuate the debate with long-drawn-out groans like a spiritual college yell.

Obviously

this can't go on, though I cannot help feeling a little relieved that the spectre is not confining its

attentions to the Republican party alone. The Psychic Research societies should send some one down to investigate the Capitol at once. For if it is haunted, we should lose no time in getting a new Capitol,—or else a new legislature that will not be susceptible to the supernatural.

Sounder.



"Heard the ringing of bells and other sounds suggestive of Election night."



"The process is neither dignified nor statesmanlike."

Hot Weather Imaginings

I FEIGNED a fountain, mossy-lipped,
Beneath the forest trees;
I thought of pools wherein I'd dipped,
My noddle and my knees—
But still with briny sweat I dripped,
And prayed to feel a breeze.

I dreamed about a marble crypt;
Of icebergs in the seas
Where whalers, to the Arctic shipped,
Find flocs that grind and squeeze;
I thought of steppes, all tempest-whipped,
Of blasts that make you sneeze;
Of mainsails by the northers ripped,
Of frozen toes, and noses nipped;
Of collies, for the summer clipped;
Of slaves who'll fan you if they're tipped;
Of old-time bar-rooms, all equipped
With ice for beverages chipped—
Of rickeys that of old I've sipped!—
Of sherry-flips that I have flipped!
(And yet there came no breeze.)

As last, you get me, I was hipped—
I thought of skeletons, all stripped
To icy blasts that fairly zipped
And made their marrows freeze!
I thought about the chill that gripped
My vitals, when my manuscript
Was turned down, and my hopes
were gypped!
(And if, besides all these,
There are some cold ones I have skipped,
Think of them, if you please.
I thought of them. My meter tripped
To cooling melodies—
But still I dripped and dripped and dripped—
There never came a breeze!)
T. R.

Lessons in New Yorkese

The Day's News

"HLO yabigstiff! Chadoin, readina noos? Wennayou learna read—hunh? Ho-ho."
"Iwusjus givvina coupla headlinesa wunsova. Say, Harry, sguy Lawdjawge, heesa bad akkor."
"OhwIseen wise."
"Chamean, yaseen wise? Youwaint never see Lawdjawge."
"Iyaint aintI? You wanna pokinnanose? Heesa Scosh kummedean, aintee?"
"Yapoor fish, acawss heyaint. Heesa Wale."
"Lika Prinsa Wales?"

"Yeah, lika Prinsa Wales."
"WefferallIcare hecan bea porpus. I seenim. Hewuzza Scosh kummedean. He kummoutin barelegs annaskoit."
"Lawdjawge in barelegs annaskoit? Gowan youmusbe cuckoo. Wherejasee Lawdjawge in barelegs annaskoit?"
"Iseenim. Hecumout ansing 'Iluvvalassie.'"
"Aw, Harry, nowIgetcha. Youseen Saharry Louda, not Lawdjawge."
"Oh, Saharry Louda. Oh, thassit, izzit? Saharry Louda . . . Well, wassee uptanow?"
"He sovatta Jenno, runnina cofference."
"Runnina cawfee house ovatta Joisey, Fgossakes!"
"Notta cawfee house, yadumbbell. A cofference. In Yurrupe."
"Well, whyntee sticktavodvil?"

"Chamean, sticktavodvil? Heyaintevverbinninovodvil."
"Heyaintantee? Iseenim in vodvil, Itellya. Hecomeoutin barelegs—"
"Fgossakes, Harry, Itolyatwicet youseen Saharry Louda. Imtalkinabout sguy Lawdjawge."
"Youstill talkinaboutis Lawdjawge? Whattaboutim?"
"He's gotalla nations inna cofference annees tryinto hoggalla graft."
"Thbig stiff! Wherezee pullinnis?"
"In Yurrupe, Itoleya."
"Aw, in Yurrupe. Aw, wattavit? Lettim cmovahere antryit. We'll givvimmma pokinnanose. Hey Mac—"
"Whattizzit, Harry?"
"Tellwittis Jawge, lesgettus wun-nem iscreem pies, cha say?"
"Awright—skinda hot. SwatIsay. Tellwittim. Lesgo."
"Lesgo . . . cha wantcha paper?"
"Naw . . . snothin innit."
H. W. H.



Broadcast

"There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."



JUNE 29, 1922

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE *World* reports that James M. Beck, Solicitor General of the United States, lately made a speech before the Oxford Union in England in which "his attacks on Mr. Wilson were so bitter and so vehement that they were followed by interruptions and disorder." The *World* thinks that it was bad taste for Mr. Beck to make such a speech.

Maybe so. But consider how natural it comes to Mr. Beck to abuse Mr. Wilson and how profitable it is for Mr. Wilson to be so abused by Mr. Beck.

Persons like Mr. Beck go to England, write letters to the papers, make speeches and suppose themselves to be representing the American people. But this exploit at the Oxford Union helps to show just how much Mr. Beck does represent the American people. In that way it is useful. It shows Beck up. He does represent somebody, somebody besides Beck, but he does not represent the American people. It is doubtful if he even represents Mr. Harding's administration, especially when he abuses Mr. Wilson.

Things are coming along Mr. Wilson's way. Ray Stannard Baker's book on the Peace Conference now proceeding serially in the *Times*, promises to be a real contribution to knowledge on that subject. Already it contributes to disputation. After a while, what Mr. Wilson did, what he tried to do, what he accomplished, what he did not accomplish and why, may become clear to so much of the world as is interested and has capacity for understanding.

Meanwhile it is fine to have Mr. Beck abusing Mr. Wilson. It makes friends for Mr. Wilson—indignant friends. A pound of fool detraction

does a public man more good than a ton of common praise. Praise of other folks, even of our friends, is apt to bore us, but detraction of them fires us up. So Beck is doubtless doing more to warm hearts towards Wilson than all the admiring people who raise money for the Wilson Foundation, and all without expense to anyone but himself.



BOTH houses of the Legislature of Massachusetts have passed the bill calling for the removal of Sargent's picture "The Synagogue" from the Boston Public Library. The picture was intended to suggest that in the course of centuries the Synagogue had become one of the back-number forces of civilization, and had been passed as an authority by the Christian Church.

Mr. Sargent must have supposed that that was true, at least in Boston. The action of the Massachusetts legislators shows that he may be mistaken. It is hard to tell what is the governing religious authority in Boston at this time. One thing that has been disclosed, however, is an opinion, that seems to be good, that the Legislature of Massachusetts has no power to turn a picture out of the Public Library of Boston. If that is so, the Massachusetts legislators have evidently been acting out of a large benevolence and with a purpose of giving pleasure to their constituents, but have not really done anything.

That shows a kind and helpful spirit. Perhaps they can be persuaded to give attention to another matter. The weather this year has been very unsatisfactory in England. The spring was late and cold and

suddenly went to pieces and was followed by an uncomfortable burst of midsummer heat not English at all, but American. European weather has been curious and unusual and unsatisfactory for several years. An English scientist says that so far as England is concerned, the trouble is that Mr. Flagler's Florida Railroad to Key West has extended the Florida peninsula about seventy miles and turned the course of the gulf stream so that now instead of hitting the top of Ireland it adventures into the British Channel, bringing sharks and hot weather, and raising hob with the English climate.

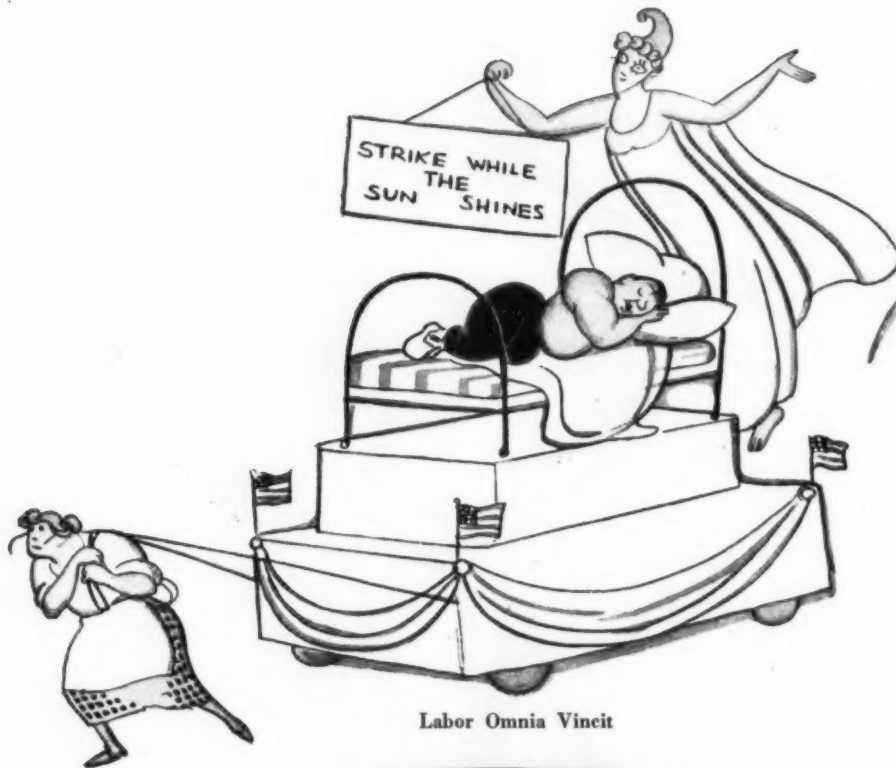
There now is a matter that the Massachusetts legislators might well take hold of. It concerns Ireland a little and for that reason will interest them all the more. They might legislate Mr. Flagler's railroad off the map to see what would happen, or act more directly and legislate the gulf stream back into its original course. Let us hope that they will do something, if only to show good will.

At the same time, the English scientist may be mistaken. There is a new theory that climate and weather can be affected by the passions of men, which disturb the equanimity of the universe, and cause storms and droughts and heat and cold. Europe has had hates enough the last eight years, and still has them, to spoil any climate, and maybe that is what is the matter, and not the gulf stream at all. But that should not deter the Boston legislators from taking such action as they can. They may not actually accomplish anything, but the effort would show good will to England, and of course the British climate (including Ireland) is more important than a sea-going railroad to Key West.

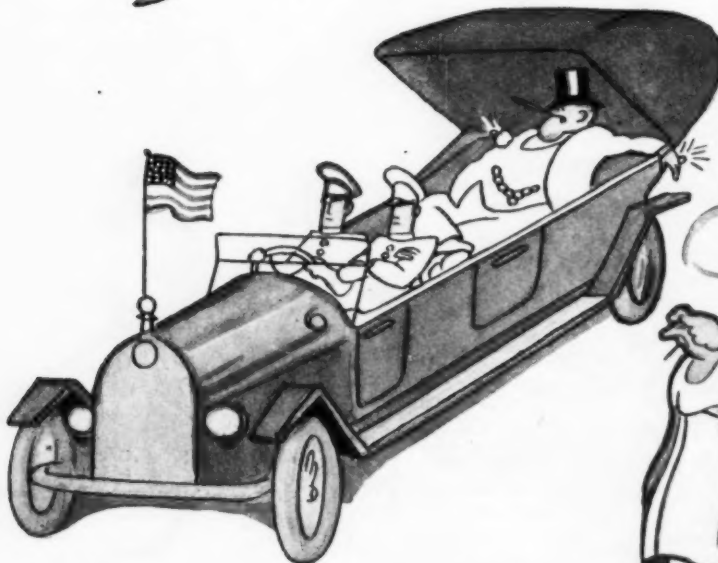
E. S. M.



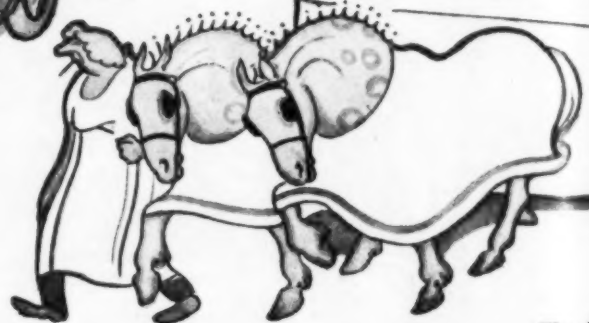
Slavic Virtue



Labor Omnia Vincit



Several Divisions of Retired Revenue Officers



The Apotheosis of Pro

A Few Suggestions for Four



Art, Music and the Drama Chained to the Car of Commercialism



Delegation of School Teachers Marching on Their Uppers

potheon of Prohibition

s for Fourth of July Pageant



Memories of Happy Days at the Follies

MR. ZIEGFELD'S having reduced the price of admission to his Follies this year makes it a little harder to be nasty about the show. It is worth less than it was last year, but as you are asked to pay less, it really brings you right back to where you started from. Except that, by the time you are through with the ticket agency, you will have spent a tidy sum, and a tidy sum of any size seems too much for what is offered. Here again, however, Mr. Ziegfeld's having sent this department free seats cramps our vituperativeness in this respect.

Leaving money out of the question, then, let us see what there is to pay you for your time.

It is customary to say that the Follies are beautiful to look at. All right, they are beautiful, especially the scenes and costumes designed by young Mr. James Reynolds. The girls, too, are pictorially effective, although they never look very clubby. I may be funny that way, but I like a little radiation of some sort in my beauty, and the Follies show-girls radiate at about the same degree Fahrenheit as Cleopatra's Needle. That's one reason I never went after Dolores stronger. She must have wondered what on earth was the matter with me that I never called her up or wrote to her.



GRANTED that the Follies are gorgeous to look at, then. After an hour or so your eyes get numb, and from then on Mr. William A. Brady might as well be producing the show. Unfortunately you can't do as you do with Nature whenever your eyes get tired of looking at the Grand Cañon or the Engadine Valley—stoop over and look upside down between your knees. The seats at the New Amsterdam would never allow for that. You *can* tip your head at right angles and get a new sort of view that way, but you are likely to be misunderstood by the people behind you and asked to leave the theatre.



WE now come to the comedy. Right away it should be said that the absence of Fannie Brice and W. C. Fields started us out with a bias against the show. It didn't seem right to call it "The Follies" without them. We sat there, fairly glowing with ill-will from the time the curtain went up, and not even Will Rogers could make us feel that the gap had been filled.

Now Will Rogers' own mother couldn't have cared more for him than we do, and we will laugh at practically anything he says, because he says it so ingratiatingly. But fifteen minutes of Will Rogers, delightful as they are, can't make up for those golden hours of the dear past when Fannie Brice sang and Fields fretted over the Ford in company with the grimly silent little man in the duster.

Great sobs shook our frame at these memories while we sat and listened to Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean sing about belligerent wives raising lumps on their husbands' heads, women getting the vote, and Prohibition. (Incidentally, it seems incredible that two comedians could start out with such a comic idea as that which forms the basis of the Gallagher and Shean song and reduce it so utterly to a banality by the introduction of a five-and-ten-cent store lyric.)



FURTHER tears, and real ones, were shed during the "Burlesk-Ballet" participated in by Nervo and Knox. Not that they didn't do it well enough, but that dance was a Dooley dance, and each time there was a crash of falling bodies we expected to see the little, impassive Dooley rise from the wreckage and glide heavily onward. But the little, impassive Dooley is dead, and we rather resent anyone else's trying to take his place—for a while, at any rate.



RING LARDNER has written a couple of skits for the show which do much to make the comedy bearable, especially the scene at the ball grounds in which Andrew Toombes and Will Rogers give startling representations of a couple of Yanks warming up. But when you consider all that you have to sit through before and after you come to the Lardner and Rogers episodes in the way of young ladies stepping to the footlights and reciting sweetly, "I am Miss Calculate" and "I am Miss Demeanor," drunken dancing, Hula-Hula girls shaking themselves in the manner which was calculated to throw the male element into a frenzy back in the days when "I'll tell the world" was new slang, with musical numbers entitled, "Throw Me a Kiss," "South Sea Moon," "Bring on the Girls" and "Hello, Hello, Hello!" you realize that, after all, there is nothing like canoeing for a summer evening.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential GUIDE



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Bat. Morosco.—Nothing seems to bother the run of this crime melodrama, and there is no good reason why anything should.

The Cat and the Canary. National.—A spook play that puts your scalp on ice.

The Charlatan. Times Square.—Murder in a magician's cabinet.

The Hairy Ape. Plymouth.—A tremendous and bitter assault on society by Eugene O'Neill.

He Who Gets Slapped. Garrick.—Andreyev's beautiful tragedy of the circus.

Lawful Larceny. Republic.—Unimportant play about certain kinds of larceny, well done.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. Fulton.—Eighty-ton fun.

Captain Applejack. Cort.—Wallace Edinger and Mary Nash in a delightful bit of romantic burlesque.

The Dover Road. Bijou.—Charming English comedy, with Charles Cherry in the lead.

The First Year. Little.—Frank Craven pushing on to a deserved record run.

The Goldfish. Marine Elliott's.—Marjorie Rambeau in a crazy mixture of comedy, burlesque and sentiment.

Kempy. Belmont.—A genuinely amusing little comedy of home-life.

Kiki. Belasco.—Lenore Ulric in a vivid character sketch of a *cocotte*.

Partners Again. Selwyn.—Potash and Perlmutter, now in the automobile business.

A Pinch Hitter. Henry Miller's.—Allan Pollock in rather conventionally hilarious comedy.

The Rubicon. Hudson.—Hot stuff for those who didn't have much fun when they were young.

Six-Cylinder Love. Sam H. Harris.—Ernest Truex and June Walker in a very funny tragedy of young married life.

Up the Ladder. Playhouse.—Safe and sanitary.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Blossom Time. Ambassador.—Franz Schubert's melodies made into a delightful score.

Chauve-Souris. Century Roof.—A new bill, to be reviewed later.

Good Morning, Dearie. Globe.—Still among the leaders in the field.

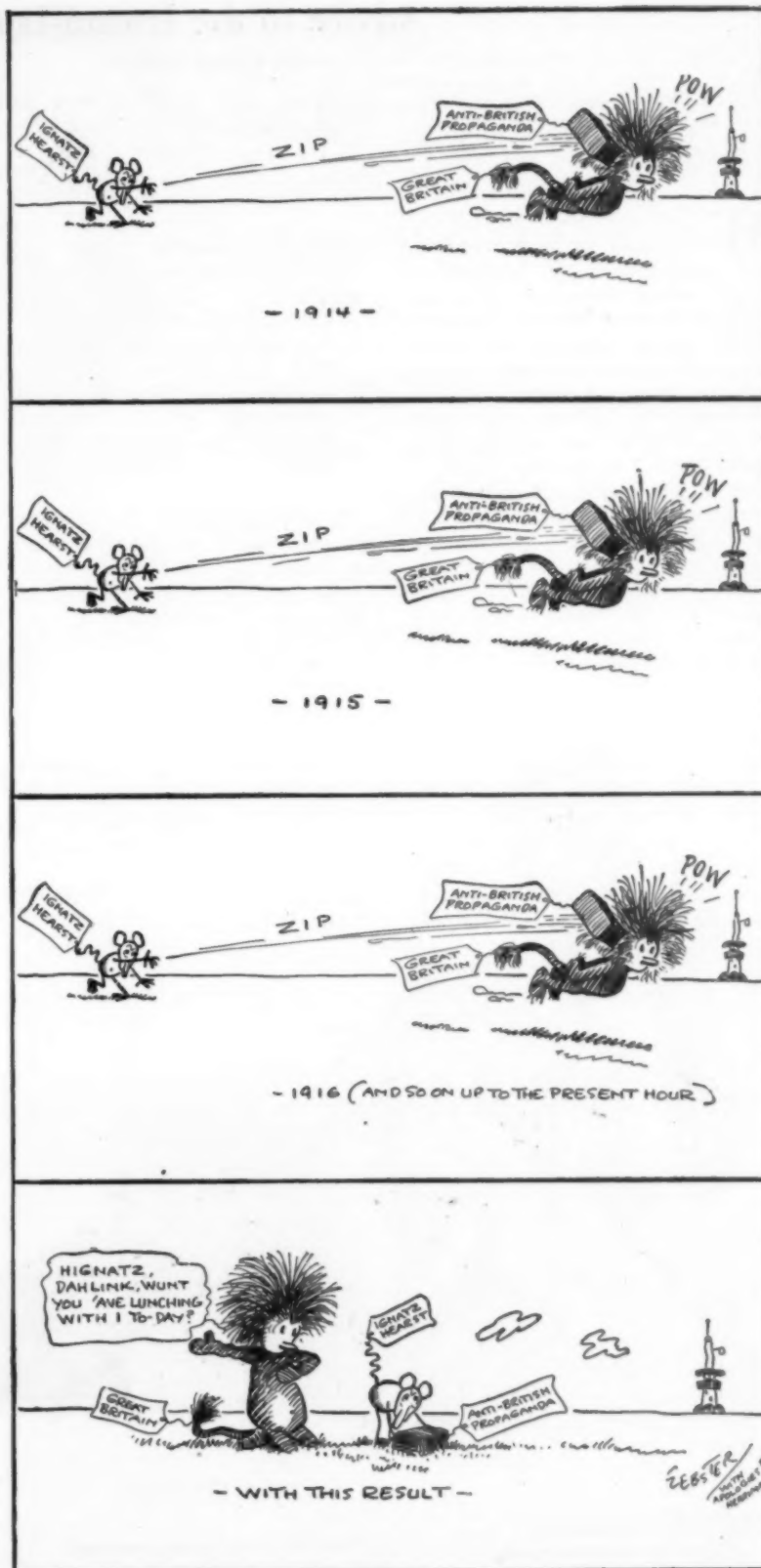
Make It Snappy. Winter Garden.—Eddie Cantor in white and much funnier face.

The Music Box Revue. Music Box.—A regular model for all revues.

The Perfect Fool. George M. Cohan's.—Last week of Ed Wynn in a show all by himself.

Shuffle Along. Sixty-Third St.—Negro singers and dancers in their second year.

Ziegfeld's Follies. New Amsterdam.—Reviewed in this issue.



Krazy Kat

Advice to the Dream-Lorn

By *Carrie Complex*

(Miss Complex undertakes to interpret any dreams that readers may care to send her. No extra charge for nightmares.)

MY DEAR MISS COMPLEX: I usually retire at ten-thirty each night and dream the funniest dreams imaginable—each night an entirely different dream! Monday night I dreamed that an old sweetheart I was engaged to once sent me back my ring. Tuesday night I dreamed about reading a good poem on the editorial page of the *New York Times*. Wednesday night I dreamed of finding an eight-room apartment in Greenwich Village for fifty dollars a month. Thursday night I dreamed that *The Smart Set* printed some clever stories. Friday night I dreamed that Congress had repealed Prohibition and had nationalized the nation's supply of liquor,

giving to each family a case of Scotch. What shall I do about it?

Oedipus O'Reilly.

A.: Keep on dreaming!

Dear Miss Complex:

Please give significance of following dreams:

1. Eating wife's biscuits.
2. Getting courteous answer from New York policeman.
3. Falling in love with Broadway chorus girl.
4. Writing the great American novel.

Cy Kopathic.

A.: Interpretations: 1. You are going to build a brick wall around your house. 2. The millennium is coming. 3. You want to sell your Cadillac for a Rolls-Royce. 4. You are angling for a job with the Lunacy Commission.

Dear Miss Complex:

The other night I dreamed that Trotsky was giving me a haircut and shave and Lenine was shining my shoes in a barber shop on the Nevsky Prospekt, while I was reading a copy of the *Polski Gazette*. When Leon got through, my face looked like a Red Terror. I gave him a tip of a thousand rubles, but he ran after me, waving his razor and shouting, "Death to the bourgeoisie!" Please interpret.

E. Rotie.

A.: You have the Man-Afraid-of-His-Barber complex. The "Red Terror" is the blush on your face when you refuse a shampoo or singe. The tip you usually give the barber is equal to the value of the thousand rubles you mention in your dream, hence you earn the barber's curses as symbolized by Trotsky's threat.



Upon the Sand

SINCE tidal retrogression
Aquatic pleasures banned,
You held a sunny session
Upon the sand.

Your smile was sweet command,
And sweet beyond expression
Your costume subtly planned.

Could any self-possession
Such loveliness withstand?
You made a deep impression—
Upon the sand!

A. G.



LIFE'S Title Contest

FOR the best title to the Maxfield Parrish picture above, LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize\$500.00
Second Prize\$200.00
Third Prize\$100.00

The Contest will be governed by the following

CONDITIONS:

(Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.)

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the picture above.

The contest is now open and open to everybody, and will close at this office at noon on Tuesday, August 1st, 1922.

Titles will be judged by three members of LIFE's Editorial Staff, and their decision will be final.

Titles may be original, or may be a quotation from some well-known author, and should not exceed twenty words each. Contestants may send in more than one title, but not more than ten to a sheet.

Should we have duplicates of any of the winning answers, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest (allowing for completion of the final reading). Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

The members of LIFE's staff, of course, are not permitted to compete.

All titles should be addressed to LIFE's Picture Title Contest, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Envelopes should contain nothing but the competing titles, typewritten or very plainly written, using one side of paper only, with the name and address of the sender on each sheet.

Then — and Now

Virginia, 1775

PATRICK HENRY, well known in Virginia politics, in a stirring address before a mass meeting last evening, called on the citizens to unshackle themselves and assert their independence. "Give me liberty or give me death," said Mr. Henry in concluding his address. He was enthusiastically applauded.

Washington, D. C., 1922

J. J. GLUMP, chairman of the Wrath Committee of the Anti-Saloon League, when shown the press dispatches of the Patrick Henry speech, issued the following statement this morning:

"Friends of the Volstead Act will pay no attention to the Henry utterance. The Anti-Saloon League has heard of this fellow before, and his record is well known to this organization. The Virginia demagogue is simply another paid employee of the liquor interests. His brazen attempt to drag the fair name of liberty into the controversy is nothing but a cheap bluff to capture the votes of the rum element. His nauseating statements have been discredited before and this most recent outburst caps the climax. It shows to what extremes he is willing to go. The Steering Committee of our league will take steps to place a dry candidate in nomination in Mr. Henry's district, and right-thinking and patriotic Americans may be assured they will hear no more from this sordid blatherskite."



"I have it," said the futurist artist as he puffed desperately at a cheap cigar, "it won't draw. Just like me. Haha! It won't draw."

So he put it in a frame, called it "Me" and got an honorable mention in the exhibition



WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS, by John Russell (Knopf). Fourteen exciting, well-written stories, first published in 1919 under the title "The Red Mark." Nothing much happened to that first small printing at the time, but it now brings a premium in sporty second-hand bookshops. For Mr. Butterworth of London brought out several printings and now Mr. Knopf has brought out two or three more under the new title in this country, and, if it goes as it deserves to go, he will bring out many more.

It was this book's hard luck that it reached its American public before the discovery of the white shadows in the South Seas and after the discovery of the Filbert Islands. But neither of these discoveries should affect it, really. The South Seas are only a rich Conrad background for the Kiplingesque excitements that take place. There are murders and abductions, fights, buried treasure, hairy men and tall demure women. There is cynicism and lyricism, there are proas and pagodas, orang-outangs and Buddhists, and people doing Douglas Fairbanks out of opium dens, and left arms hanging limp and useless.

"Where the Pavement Ends" is just the book for you to put into your lunch basket, or your ditty bag, or your pith helmet—or whatever it is that you use on that summer trip.

NATURE'S SIMPLE PLAN. A Phase of Radical Thought in the Mid-Eighteenth Century. By Chauncey B. Tinker (Princeton University Press). In this little book Professor Tinker has thrown upon his period—Eighteenth Century England—the rays of his wit and his scholarship; and by playing them about in corners unfamiliar to most, he has made it peculiarly alive and significant. Mr. Tinker combines in himself certain outstanding qualities of both his Johnson and Bos-

well. He has Johnson's conservatism and felicity of phrase; he has Boswell's lively interest and veracity. He is too jealous of the truth to allow his affection to blind his judgment. He

translates that affection with a lightness of touch that owes its infection as much to his restraint as to his learning.

"Nature's Simple Plan" is curiously timely. Sophisticated London of the Mid - Eighteenth Century decided that man had made a mess of things. The times were degenerate. The rich were too rich, the poor too poor. Oh, for the primitive, for Lapland, Corsica, Chile, and the South Seas, and, oh, for their primitive literatures! So the Eskimo Family and Omai were brought to town. Ancient Bards were discovered right and left in Britain itself, and there were raised up on high such romantic figures as James Woodhouse, the Poetical Shoemaker, and Mrs. Ann Yearsley, the Poetical Milk-woman. The time was preëminently one of political experiment and democratic sympathy. It is all very laughable—and pertinent.

A book for radicals, for conservatives, for students of history, manners, and literature; it is perhaps, above all, a book for those who are interested primarily in good writing.

KITTENS: A FAMILY CHRONICLE. Translated from the Danish of Svend Fleuron by David Pritchard. With a Foreword by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf). Something refreshing in the way of an "animal" story. As Mr. Van Vechten points out in his Foreword, the author has distinguished his characters with thoroughly feline qualities, not human ones—a notable performance. They are not pets, but half-wild farm kittens who fight and thieve their way to cathood, under, of course, the direction of their capable mother. A story of childhood and adolescence that is, to borrow a familiar blurb-word, "different." And, incidentally, it isn't in the least necessary for you to like cats to enjoy the book.

W. L.

Figures in Popular Literature



The Great Lover

IM sure you've met this lad before;
His work is fast, though rough.
He feels that all is fair in war,—
In love, it's fair enough.
His tale the Vice-Suppressor takes,
And drinks in every word
(A single swallow never makes
A Sumner, we have heard).

Our hero lived in ages gone—
The days of bright romance.
We read about his goings-on
And sigh, "So this is France!"
You must concede, the boy was good
Among the local ladies;
But his intentions toward them would
Not pave the streets of Hades.

How sweet to read of days of old
When knights, to say the least, were bold!

D. P.

Malignant Mirrors

The Depressing Adventures of a Plain Man Facing the Truth

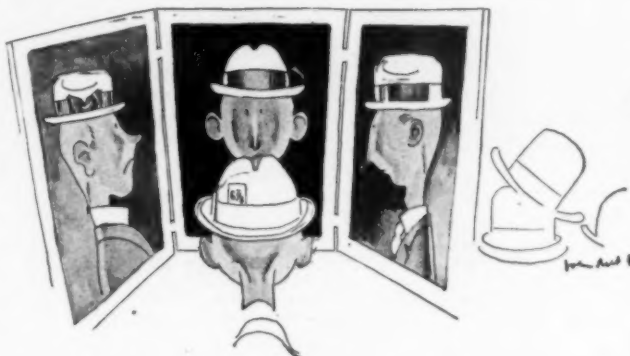
AS a rule, I try not to look into mirrors any more than is absolutely necessary. Things are depressing enough as they are without my going out of my way to make myself miserable.

But every once in a while it is unavoidable. There are certain mirrors in town with which I am brought face to face on occasion, and there is nothing to do but make the best of it.

I am unquestionably at my worst in the mirror before which I try on hats. I may have been going along all winter thinking of other things, dwelling on what people tell me is really a splendid spiritual side to my nature, thinking of myself as rather a fine sort of person, not dashing, perhaps, but one on whose countenance shines a great light of honesty and courage which is even more to be desired than physical beauty. I rather imagine that little children on the street and grizzled Supreme Court justices out for a walk, turn as I pass and say, "A fine face. Plain, but fine."

* * *

Then I go in to buy a hat. The mirror in the hat store is triplicate, so that you see yourself not only



The Rogues' Gallery effect of the hat-store mirrors

head-on but from each side. The appearance that I present to myself in this mirror is that of three police-department photographs showing all possible approaches to the face of Harry DuChamps, alias Harry Duval, alias Harry Duffy, wanted in Rochester for the murder of Nettie Lubitch, age 5. All that is missing is the longitudinal scar across the right cheek.

I have never seen a meaner face than mine is in the hat-store mirror. I could stand its not being handsome. I could even stand looking weak in an attractive, man-about-town sort of way. But, in the right-hand mirror there confronts me a hang-dog face, the face of a yellow craven, while at the left leers an even more repulsive type, sensual and cruel.

* * *

Furthermore, even though I have had a hair-cut that very day, there is an unkempt fringe showing over my collar in back, and the collar itself (a Wimpet, 14½, which looked so well on the young man in the car-card) seems something that would be worn by a Maine guide when he goes into Portland for the day. My suit needs pressing, and there is a general air of its having been given to me, with ten dollars, by the State on my departure from Sing Sing the day before.

But for an unfavorable full-length view, nothing can compare with the one that I get of myself as I pass the shoestore on the corner. They have a mirror in the window, so set that it catches the reflections of

people as they step up on the curb. When there are other forms in the picture it is not always easy to identify yourself at first, especially at a distance, and every morning on my way to work, unless I deliberately avert my face, I am mortified to discover that the unpleasant-looking man, with the rather effeminate, swinging gait, whom I see mincing along through the crowd, is none other than myself.

* * *

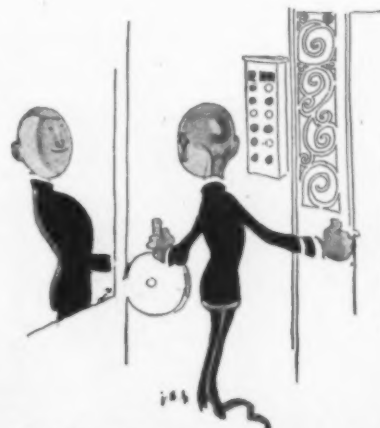
The only good mirror in the list is the one in the elevator of my clothing store. There is a subdued light in the car, a sort of golden glow which softens and idealizes. In this mirror, my clothes look (for the last time) as similar clothes look on well-dressed men. A hat which is in every respect perfect when seen here, immediately becomes a senatorial sombrero when I step out into the street, but for the brief space of time while I am in the elevator, I am the *distingué*, clean-cut splendid figure of a man that the original blue-prints called for.

I wonder if it takes much experience to run an elevator, for if it doesn't, I would like to make my life-work running that car with the magic mirror.

R. C. B.



The mirror which brings it all home to you



The lucky boy in the elevator with a kind mirror

The Worth of Dullness

EVERYBODY gibes at it. That is easy enough. The path has been blazed for centuries. Pick up a dictionary of quotations, look for the word "dull" or "dullness," and read the columns of caustic witticisms levelled at this basic quality of human nature, this mighty preservative which has saved for us the civilization of the world. The strong nations have been dull nations. Greece died of its intellect, but Rome lived and lives. From her came staple laws, and a dull habit of obeying them. From her came that triumphant epitome of all dullness, family life. England was no less fortunate; and wise Englishmen have valued at its true worth this imperishable attribute of their race. No showy and lurid episodes for them. The sober, serious, respectable, thoughtfully dull manner in which they cut off the head of an offending king was a lesson to the ages.

And Americans? What do we owe to this safeguard from consuming folly? Cursed with cleverness, fluent of speech, and fluctuating in sentiment, we know where our peril lies. It was not dullness which threatened the financial ruin of the country with the mysterious and

memorable words: "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." It was not dullness which sailed over the sea with a select party of ladies and gentlemen, and asked the nations of Europe to oblige them by stopping the war. It was not dullness which picketed the White House, and burned the blameless speeches of the President. It was not dullness which lifted up its voice to bewail the wrongs of Germany. It is not dullness to-day which proffers schemes for the wrecking of American railroads, and for the abolishment of American babies; or which invites us—through psychic channels—to while away our hours in the restricted companionship of the dead.

The wise men of the world are very few, the fools are very many; but the dull are the dykes which save us all from the frothy seas of folly. Their healthy inattention is our refuge from the sputtering eloquence of Madison Square, the bray of the Bolshevik and bomb-thrower, the pervasive errors of the well-informed. Let us be grateful while we live for the worth of our neighbors' dullness, refraining from the sin of envy, and from the base flattery of imitation.

Agnes Repplier.



"He went behind that pink cloud not a minute ago. Willie, run into the radio and tell your father to come down. There's a gentleman wants to see him."



The Foresight of Sandy McNab

Why Worry?

WHY worry? Other people do
 Their share and quite enough for you.
 The worriers are always first
 To urge old Fate to do her worst;
 And Fate is quite obliging, she
 Is lavish with her misery.

But also lavish, in a way,
 At handing out a sweet bouquet;
 So, since the dame is hard to guess,
 Why aim one thought at Dire Distress?
 Old Grief will catch you soon or late—
 No need to worry! Simply wait!

M. H. C.

THE SILENT DRAMA



Genuine Drama

THE most rabid critics of the movies always make one reservation in condemning them: they admit their fondness for the news reels. They find more drama in a picture of a Six-Masted Schooner Driven Ashore in Record Gale! than in all the Griffith masterpieces; they derive more interest from Morvich Wins Turf Classic As Thousands Cheer!—The Finish In Slow Motion! than from any of De Mille's exposés of the shallow aristocracy.

I can see what they mean. To my mind, there has never been a film so impressive or so inexpressibly stirring as the Pathé News pictures of the ceremonies at the Lincoln Memorial on Decoration Day.

"Over the Border"

EVERY situation in "Over the Border" is planted with such meticulous care that much of the ultimate effect is lost. At every stage of the drama, one can see the scenario writer stepping in, digging a little hole with his trowel, and inserting one seed of plot. Then the seed is allowed to sprout and grow until it has attained the estate of a full-sized turnip, all under the watchful eye of the camera.

When the hero remarks to the heroine that her horse has lost half a shoe, you are prepared for the announcement that this horse's tracks in the snow will eventually incriminate her. When the old father suddenly develops a toothache—which he eases with oil of cloves or some such substance—you know instinctively that it will have a vital effect on the outcome of the story; and, sure enough, he finally uses the oil to drug the hero into a stupor.

"Over the Border" is a tale of conflict between Canadian Northwest

Mounted Policemen and bootleggers. The hero is on the side of the law, and the heroine on the side of the general public. Fortunately, the producers realized that the sympathy of the audience would be all with the heroine and her rum-running friends, so they permitted the hero to resign from the C.N.M.P. at the conclusion and enlist in the bootleggers' army.

Tom Moore and Betty Compson head the cast, and Penrhyn Stanlaws is the director. The art titles are so unusually good as to be worthy of special mention, and there is a superficial gloss to the production which is lacking in most movies. It is unfortunate that as much can not be said for the picture itself.

"The Village Blacksmith"

AN atrocious bit of impudence is displayed in "The Village Blacksmith," a film which uses Longfellow's title and many of his lines to describe scenes and actions that are most emphatically not his. The stalwart smith is even developed into an automobile mechanic.

Does this mean that we are to have young Lochinvar riding out of the west in a Buick sedan? Or Horatius defending the bridge with a machine gun? Or the plowman homeward plodding his weary way in a Fordson tractor?

"The Stroke of Midnight"

SWEDEN, the nation that supplies us with matches and janitors, is responsible for "The Stroke of Midnight," a dismal drama which, though over-long and monotonous, is made notable by some fine acting.

It is seldom, indeed, that one sees such terrific power on the screen as that contributed by Victor Seastrom as a drunken brute who beats his wife and scoffs at the reformatory efforts of a beautiful Salvation

Army lassie. Mr. Seastrom is amply aided by Hilda Borgstrom, as the molested wife, and Sigrid Holm, as the slum angel. Together, they form a trio of tremendous appeal.

There is a great deal of psychic stuff in "The Stroke of Midnight"—some of which is decidedly effective. But the whole affair, artistic though it may be, is too long for its substance; and, as someone has so well said, time is fleeting.

"Golden Dreams"

THERE is a circus troupe in "Golden Dreams" which, like the bottle of toothache remedy in "Over the Border," has nothing whatever to do with the plot until the finish. Then it comes in strong. When the hero and heroine have been trapped by a mob of blood-thirsty Mexicans, and all seems lost, the circus manager looses his wild animals, and virtue is saved.

"Golden Dreams" is just about the worst melodrama of the season.

Pop Goes the Weevil

AN agricultural laboratory recently produced a film describing the life, habits, virtues and little human weaknesses of the Boll Weevil. They then experienced some difficulty in finding a suitable title for the picture, but finally called it "The Reel Dope on the Weevil."


This was a disappointment to me, as I had rather hoped they would name the super-feature "Good and Weevil," or even, "After the Boll."

But it has remained for C. L. Edson, in the *Charleston News and Courier*, to come through with the perfect suggestion. Says Mr. Edson:

"Any professional title writer could have told them that the only possible name for such a film was, 'Passionate Women.'"

Robert E. Sherwood.





Ten miles and more of silken strands go into the making of a pair of Phoenix hose. While other natural fibers are at best only a few inches long before they are twisted into thread, the filament of silk as it comes from the cocoon is practically endless. And that is why silk makes the strongest of all thread. The Phoenix method of converting the finest of silk into the finest of hosiery has, for a full decade, insured to the men, women and children of America longer hosiery mileage and greater elegance at low cost.

PHOENIX HOSIERY





Trials of a Namesake

MOTHER (to vicar): Oh, please, sir, I was agoin' to ask you, could anything be done to change pore little Lloyd Georgie's name 'ere? The pore little kid's 'ad to suffer summat cruel. 'E can't do nothin' right since 'is father's changed 'is views about the Prime Minister!—*London Opinion*.

Breeding

"Why do you think the Smythe girl is so highly cultured?"

"Well, I know for a fact that she can see a hole in a newspaper without wondering what's been cut out."

—*London Mail*.

Rather Unusual

TED: There are still some things we haven't found out about home brew.

NED: Yes, no one has yet accused the Chinese of making it thousands of years ago.—*New York Sun*.

"Where did you get the plot for your second novel?"

"From the film version of my first."

—*Nashville Tennessean*.



LOVE MATCHES

The Pensive One: If you marry for love nowadays you've got to find some reasonable excuse for the benefit of your friends.

—*Kasper (Stockholm)*.

His Specialty

"Well! well!" interestedly ejaculated a recently arrived guest. "Look at that man running with all his might up the street! What do you suppose is the reason for his haste?"

"That's Austin Aggle," replied the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern. "Knowing him as well as I do, I presume he has had a hint that trouble of some kind is going to happen in the other end of town, and he is rushing there to act as innocent bystander."

—*Country Gentleman*.

Limitations

BLONDINE: I'd like to marry a movie star.

BRUNETTA: Why?

"Because they are such wonderful love makers."

"Quite true, but most of them do not seem to know what to do with it after it is made."—*Youngstown Telegram*.

Speaking from Experience

"Say, ma, who said, 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be'?"

"Some person who never lived in the suburbs, Tommie."

—*Hamilton Royal Gaboon*.

PERU is to have a statue of Liberty. This is regarded as the first step toward Prohibition.—*Punch*.

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(Continued on page 31)

Cliequot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE

*For those who dance
and those who don't*

SOME like a fox-trot. To others a waltz is still the best. Even the one-step has its followers—and some don't like to dance at all.

What a difference when it comes to drinking Cliequot Club Ginger Ale. *They all like it.*

There is something bewitching in the sight of tiny bubbles leaping from the bottom and sides of the glass, dancing up through the clear, golden liquid to sparkle and break at your lips. And the taste—who shall describe the taste of it? The only true description of Cliequot Club is—a drink of Cliequot Club.

Cliequot is made with water from crystal springs. Only real Jamaica ginger is used. The other ingredients—sugar and fruit juices—are just as pure as can be found. The blend never varies, so that every bottle of Cliequot tastes like the one before and the next. It is a most dependable, friendly, happy drink.

But you needn't be limited.

You can give everyone the choice of Cliequot Club Ginger Ale, Sarsaparilla, Birch Beer, or Root Beer. The flavors are as different as their names—the purity of all is the same. Buy Cliequot by the case for home use.

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"Here comes our friend Ad with his rich benefactor. Let's ignore him—he needs the old gentleman's confidence."
—Meggendorfer Blätter (Munich).

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Parting Adjourned

The professor had retired to his library after dinner. Presently the two youngest children came rushing into the room.

THE PROFESSOR: Now, children, don't disturb me. What is it you want?

THE CHILDREN: We just wanted to say good night.

"Well, suppose you wait till to-morrow morning for that."

—Karikaturen (Christiania).

The Gentlemen Burglars

FIRST CROOK: Cheerio, old thing. Had a nice crime last night?

SECOND CROOK: Rather! Never in trouble all the round. That new jimmy of mine is absolutely the best club in my bag.

—Passing Show (London).

Father's Day

They tell of a proud young dad who fared forth all rigged for a reception because he understood the community was observing "Papa Day."

—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Enjoy Radio Pleasures without inconvenience

The Famous

HORNE

Receiving Sets

Do not require an aerial. Connect with your light socket. No current used.

Ask your local dealer

Horne Manufacturing Co.
30 Church St., New York City

To Arizona and Return

Henry Schwartz was an expert watch-repairer.

You could see him in the window of the Sixth Avenue shop any day; Any day and every day.

He'd been hard at it since 1899.

This spring his daughter, who lives in Arizona, induced him to visit her for a week.

Among the week's excursions was a trip to the Grand Canyon.

Schwartz thought it was all right but nothing to rave about—

When you saw one piece of scenery you saw them all.

The day he got back to the shop a man brought in a watch to be repaired.

"Say," said Henry, "that is the most beautiful mainspring I ever saw in my life."

—F. P. A., in New York World.

Home Thoughts

WIFE (away from home): Horrors! I forgot to turn off the electric iron!

HUSBAND: It's all right. Nothing will burn long—I forgot to turn off the water in the bathtub.

—Kasper (Stockholm).



Shake It
Into Your
Shoes

Sprinkle
It Into
The Foot-Bath

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing
Powder for the Feet

Takes the friction from the shoe, relieves the pain of corns, bunions, callouses and sore spots, freshens the feet and gives new vigor.

Makes Tight or New Shoes Feel Easy

At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in the foot-bath and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.

Over One Million five hundred thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.



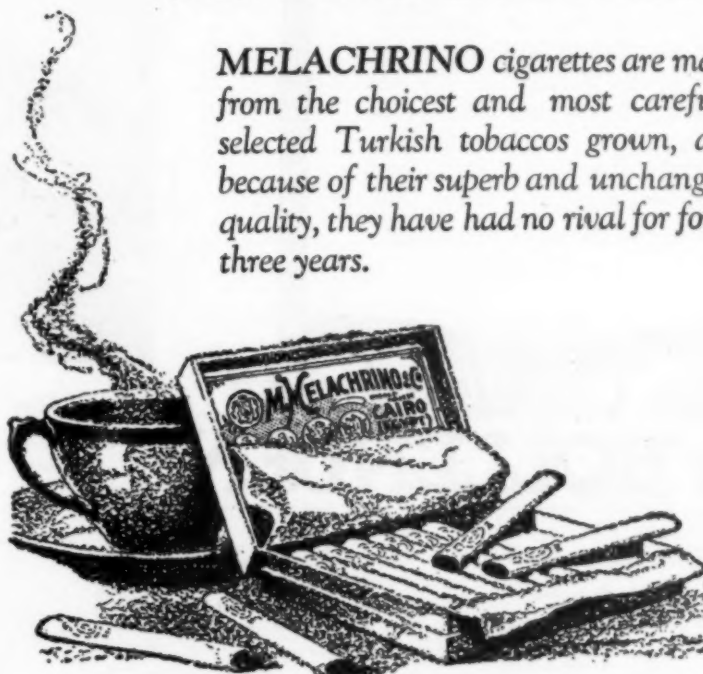
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(Continued on page 32)



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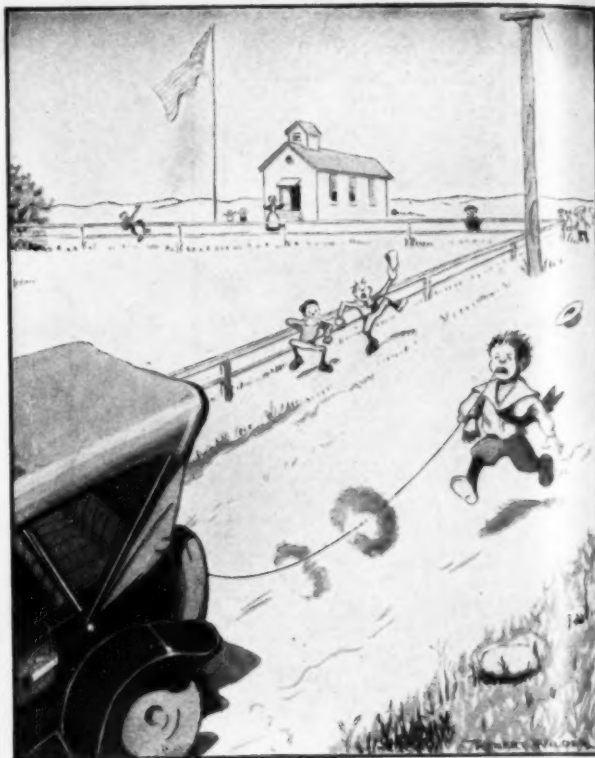
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(Continued from page 31)

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